The Conning Tower

THE VANDAL WISH

Thou restless wind that wings above my head Thou same of freedom burning in my blood. Get thee away, and cease tormenting me With all thy dream-brewed longings and vague hopes; And if thou must find one to tantalize, Seek out my love, and whisper unto her The quaint vagaries and thy still unrest! Trase thou her hair, and tipple at her lips; And thou wilt find in her clean, waiting heart An instrument more dear to play upon Than Orpheus ever quickened into life: So maiden-pure its music, and so clear Its every canticle thou wilt believe Her shyest song the very breath of God! To her, then, O! thou sacred infidel, Tell all thy secrets, teach thy dissonance: And when thou hast obtained her private faith.

Among those licensed to wed in Scranton are Joe Touch, of

Archbald, to Angeline Pinch, of Carbondale.

"We are animated by the best feelings toward everybody," said Herr Alfred Zimmerman.

When the Germans get mad, however, Heaven help the Bel-F. P. A.

The Academy of Design Opens Its Winter Show

Conservatives and Progressives Unite in the Commemoration of an Event in Our Artistic Beginnings

By ROYAL CORTISSOZ

The invitation issued by the Academy of Design for the reception opening its winter show at the Fine Arts Building records the fact that this affair is commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the first exhibition of paintings and sculpture held in New York City. It is a stimulating idea, carrying us at once back to the group of enlightened citizens who at the dawn of the last century invented "The New York Academy of thè Fine Arts" and commissioned Robert R. Livingston, our Minister to France, to ship to this country plaster casts of the Apollo Belvedere and other renowned antiques. The indispensable Dunlap tells how these talismans were exhibited in a circus or



wilful children. They gave us their romances in symphonics of luxurious color. And out of their sensitiveness to the response of juxtaposed colorathey built a "code" of color arrangements to which we have arrived by scientific or intellectual research, after the lapse of at least three centuries. We mean the rule of the complementary colors, which is similar in every particular to our own conception of the balance of form.

of the balance of form.

Sixteen pictures by Claude Monetare at the Durand-Ruel Gallery as if to show how distance or age subdues the terrors of our youth. There is another band of ragamuffins rapping now at the doors of conservatism, behind which is real, or, if you like it better, official recognition. Monateur Monet is inside. We can no longer even accuse him of being a scientific machine, instead of a sentimental poet. And sometimes now may find him oversentimental-times change. There is a delightful variety in this show, an exposition of the energy of the man, his tirelessness, his endless curiosity. A life of research he led, of research into natural phenomena, of joy in the fact of nature. He need not repeat himself, like more subjective artists intent upon expression of personal emotion, for the things that served him never ceased changing. Here we find him in the Bateau Echoue," painted in the flat planes and gray tones that come to him from Boudin, probably, a sombre reminder of the beginning, and in "Les Peupliers," in which color is permitted to run at some expense to form. It is between these two that



366 Fifth Avenue (near 35th St.) DRAWINGS HOLIDAY GIFTS

in the newer group is administered by Charles W. Hawthorne, who in recent years has given repeated evidences not years has given repeated evidences not may find the partial form of the figure painters. There are exposed to bilinding light is the crudest kind of "stant," with nothing beyond a trace of youthful expression in the less, rancous quality. Nor is it stechance of youthful expression in the less, rancous quality. Nor is it stechance elever enough so far as it goes—inque clever enough so far as it goes—inque c